

CANZO N 14,



HOUGH like an exile from mine eyes  
divorced In solitary dungeon of  
Refuse I live, impatient that I live,  
perforced, From thee, dear object of mine  
eyes, a recluse. Yet that divine *Idea* of thy  
grace, The life imagery of thy love's sweet  
*souvenance*, Within mine heart shall reign  
in sovereign place; Nay, shall it ever  
portray other semblance ?  
No ! never shall that face, so fair  
depainted Within the love-limned tablet of  
mine heart, Emblemished be! defaced '  
or unsainted ! Till death shall blot it, with  
his pencil dart. Yet, then, in these limned  
lines ennobled more, Thou shalt survive,  
richer accomplished than before

C ANZON 15.



|E'ER were the silvery wings of my  
Desire Tainted with thought of black  
impurity! The modest blush that did  
my cheeks attire, Was to thy virgin  
fears, statute security ! When to a  
favour's sweet promotion My joyless  
thoughts, thou hast advanced higher!  
O then sigh's sacrifice of my love's  
devotion  
I sent, repurified in holy fire !  
My fears, how oft have I ingeminated ! (O  
black recite of passed misery!) Thy heart  
for to entender ! they have intimated  
(Besides what thou hast seen *I*) what I have  
suffered for thee ! But see ! since eyes  
were aliens to thy beauty, I sing mine own  
faith, and neglect love's duty!